



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



30.

350.



00005710J



30.

350.



600005710J







E. S. H. 1831

THE BEREAVED,

KENILWORTH,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE REV. E. WHITFIELD.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, & Co.

AVR-MARIA-LANE.

1830.

350.



HENRY BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE BEREAVED	1
Kenilworth	47
The Retreat	65
To the Butterfly	69
On the Death of a Lady	71
A Sketch	75
Friendship	81
The Sabbath Even	85
Hymn to Charity	91
Elegiac Stanzas	93
To a Gray Hair	97
Sympathy	105
May	111
To Eliza	115
Melancholy	119
Emma asleep	124
Enthusiasm	125
Religion	129
The Infant's Grave	131
Hymn for the Young	133
For an Album	134
The Walk	137
To the Ocean	139



THE BEREAVED.

THE BEREAVED.

"This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude."

BYRON.

'Twas evening : on the distant hill
The rays of Phœbus lingered still ;
Or glanced athwart the distant wood,
Where once embowered an abbey stood ;
Or tinted with a radiant beam
The windings of the placid stream ;
Or upwards threw a parting glance
Where, in a pure and holy trance,
From earth and time, the rapt soul stealing,
Is fixed on joys beyond revealing ;

And then, of heaven the shining blue
Was blended with a golden hue ;
And then, the cloud in glory drest,
Appeared an island of the blest ;
And all was calm—around—beneath—
The breeze it sighed itself away,
Or paused and lingered, but to breathe
A farewell to departing day.

'Twas evening : ere his golden urn
Withdrew in other climes to burn,
One ray the sun effulgent cast—
It was his mildest, purest, last—
Across the mountain-stream it flew,
Nor bathed its forehead in the dew,
O'er hall, and tower, and sacred fane,
And rested on the cottage pane :
And there it dwelt a little space,
As if it grieved to quit a place

Adorned with all that's sweet and fair,
Where richest odours scent the air,
And Beauty's varied charms arise
To form another paradise.

Well might it fix its radiant light
Upon that Eden of delight !
Well might it linger where the eye
Could rest in silent ecstasy !

But soon it past away, nor left
One trace its visit to declare ;
Yet, of its golden beam bereft,
Beauty's enchantment rested there.

O ! is there—is there such a spot
Where happiness approaches not ?
Can all that springs from Nature's breast,
In thousand colours richly drest ;
Can all the harmony of song
Oft warbled by the feathered throng,
And odours on the gale that rise,
A grateful offering to the skies ;

Can these—can such delights abound
Where earthly bliss is never found ?

On earth the floweret lay reclined,
The dew-drop in its bosom shrined,
And all was silent—silent ? no !
The tones of grief, of deepest woe,
Fell mournful on the ear, bespeaking
The sorrows of a heart nigh breaking :
It ceased, and then 'twas heard again—
Ah ! whence that melancholy strain ?
Alas ! it came, the touching proof
Of sorrow 'neath the cottage roof !

O ! what a scene was part revealed,
And part concealed by the gloom !
A mother's eyes in slumber sealed,
But, ah ! the slumber of the tomb !
Pale, silent, motionless, she lay ;
Her fragile form the tyrant's prey—

That form where grace and beauty met,
And beauty's traces lingered yet :
The roses from her cheek had flown,
No more her eye in brightness shone,
No more its tender glances stole,
At love's fond bidding, to the soul ;
Whilst her pale forehead owned the shade
By her dishevelled tresses made.
Yet the dark, awful sleep that bound her,
A mystic charm had thrown around her ;
And none unmoved could linger near—
O ! none could gaze but that a tear,
Quick stealing from its deep recess,
Bedewed that wreck of loveliness !
She lay in death—yet did she seem
As if some deep, some breathless dream,
Had to the fount of feeling gone—
O'er her rapt soul its spell had thrown,
Which the first morn would glad remove,
And wake her free to life and love.

She lay in death—yet as some fair
Bright wanderer from ethereal air,
Reposes till the closing day
In twilight softly dies away,
When he may wing his upward flight,
And seek the palaces of light—
She seemed to slumber, till the even
Should bear her in its shades to heaven !
But, hark ! again that piercing tone—
That half-subdued, half-uttered groan—
Whose is the sudden, wailing cry ?
Who mourns, the child of misery ?
Soft ! see him bend his frantic head
In fixed amazement o'er the bed !
Mark his pale face, and witness there
The workings of a deep despair !
The fond, the speaking look is blighted ;
With frenzy's fire his eye is lighted,
And the quick breath, the smothered sigh,
Tell of his soul's dark agony.

Why is he thus? Ask of the hour
Which cast a blight upon his bower!
Why is he thus? Ask of the flood
That left a wreck where joy had stood!
The strongest tie of earth is broken,
Swift as the sphere dissolves away,
Whose rising, fading hues betoken
The transient bliss of life's bright day.
But a brief moment, and he own'd
Her in whose life his own was bound;
Then to the glance of tenderness,
The whispered vow, the fond caress,
Her heart was conscious, and her eye
Was bathed by love's pure ecstasy.
But not again his lip shall seek
The glowing treasures of her cheek:
O! not again his head shall rest,
Lov'd burden! on her faithful breast.
Never! in her soft eye shall his,
Mirrored, behold affection's bliss;

Never! the beams of love arise
To gild his heart's pure sympathies.
Why is he thus? Ah, what is she,
His recent joy—felicity!

Still stands he, like a statue, where
Her cold, cold form reposes—there,
On her calm face his 'wildered eye
Pauses in fits of agony;
Unconscious wanders, then returns:
With latent fire his bosom burns;
And his clenched hands convulsive press
That home of untold wretchedness.
Fain would he speak, but the essay
In a harsh whisper dies away;
At length her name he feebly calls,
'Twas echoed by the mournful walls
More feebly still—none else replied—
Wildly he gazed on either side,
And waited, racked by hope, by fear,
The sounds once music to his ear:

Vainly he listens, whilst each sense
Is sealed in agonized suspense ;
From the fixed lips no accents flow
To cheer his heart, relieve his woe ;
What sounds shall issue from the bed
Where, in oblivion, sleep the dead ?
Again he speaks—his struggling breast
In broken words its pangs exprest :—
“ Art thou, my Anna, gone, oh ! gone ?
Life of my life ! beloved one !
Speak—speak—repeat thy brief adieu !
Alas ! thou mayest not— I would view—
But no—I cannot, dare not trace
The lineaments of thy loved face.—
Are we then severed ? Robbed of thee,
How shall I bear life’s misery !
Without thee, maddening thought ! to live—
Without the bliss thy love did give—
Heaven ! why, upon my treasured all
Of happiness, did thy bolt fall ?

Strike once again ! lay me but low,
And welcome, welcome be the blow !
What have I uttered ? impiously
Shall I complain, O God ! to thee ?
Mercy I ask—let mercy shed
Its healing drops upon my head !
Low bending now in silent prayer,
He seeks a refuge from despair :
Wet are his eyes, in gushing spring
Flows the swift current, moistening
His Anna's bed,—the offering given
Of love to her—of peace to heaven.

Why are the lovely called away
So sudden, ere the fleeting day
Of life has reached its noon ?
Why, ere the fruits in clusters glow,
Or flowers in full luxuriance blow,
Recalled the recent boon ?
When, charged with sweets of Eastern bowers,
Around them move the light-winged hours—

When Fancy's gayest visions rise
Unbidden to their ardent eyes—
When, springing from beneath their feet,
Life's flowers their kindling glances meet,
And no dull cloud obtrudes a gloom,
To cheat the prospect of its bloom ;
But smiling fields, and sunny skies,
Perpetual wake their ecstasies—
When the light dream of love just breaks
Their balmy sleep, and tints their cheeks,
And new, and tender thoughts inspire
The heart with passion's holiest fire—
Or, when the sacred rite is done,
Which blended two fond hearts in one ;
And some young cherub scarce has prest
A mother's fond delighted breast—
Why do the lovely disappear ?
And why the happy fade and die ?—
Who shall the dubious vision clear ?
What hand unveil the mystery ?

Pass they to climes more beauteous far,
Than homes of fabled Houris are—
Where Summer's race perpetual bring
Their gemmed and scented offering ;
And warbling streams refreshing flow,
And skies with purest radiance glow ?
Taste they of that Elysian rest,
Which fills the bosom of the blest ?
Is theirs the converse, sweet,—refined—
By holy friendship intertwined ?
The conscious peace—the glowing thought—
The bliss with love's pure essence fraught ?
O ! is it theirs, to bend the knee,
And wake a golden harmony,
With seraph spirits round the throne .
Of heaven's all-glorious, holy One ?
Honoured and happy they ! shall we
Mar, e'en in thought, their destiny ?
O ! let them part, and upward rise,
On love's glad pinions, to the skies—

Nor give the selfish feeling birth
To link them ever with the earth !

Bright rose the morning—all was fair :
Played with the leaves the cheerful air,
And shook to earth with gentle touch,
The dew-drop glittering in the blush
Of rosy dawn : the sportive throng,
Mute for awhile, renewed their song,
And plied their frequent minstrelsy,
To lead the morn's gay revelry :
Charmed with the music, Nature smiled !
Whilst o'er the lawn—the wood—the wild,
Broad spread the sun his fervent rays,
And lit creation in a blaze.
What eye but drank the inspiring view,
And hung on beauties ever new ?
What heart but owned the syren power,
The spirit of the glowing hour ?

Not all were gladdened ;—there was one,
Whose eye morn's radiance beamed upon,
And beamed in vain ; its brightest glow
Put not to flight his clouds of woe.
Pale rose he from a widowed bed
And wandered forth—but inly bled
His heart's deep wound : he raised his eye
One moment, then in vacancy
'Twas sunk and lost—unheard by him,
The echoes of the choral hymn ;
By him unfelt the sportive breeze,
Which sent its freshness through the trees :
His heart to Nature's happy tone
Responded not in unison.
Joy played around him, but he felt
Oppressed and lone, as if he dwelt
Where wild disorder tears the plains,
And storms exult, and chaos reigns—
Joy ! what was there to him of joy ?
The very sound was mockery !

O ! what a look of anguish stole
O'er his dejected cheek ! his soul
Was stung to madness by the thought
Of his bereavement.—She was not—
His fond companion, on whose tongue
The fleeting moments, charmed, had hung
With mute delight. But was there none
Whom it were joy to look upon ?
None to fill up the dreadful void
In his torn breast ? To all beside
Were love's soft feelings sleeping—dead ?
He paused bewildered—sudden fled
Back to his widowed home, and sought
One in his grief too long forgot.
Child of his Anna's hopes ! may she
Beguile him of his misery !
O ! may her infant sweetness move
The yearnings of a father's love !
Be hers the impulse, to impart
Some freshness to his withered heart—

And hers, with smile and fond caress,
To cheer a parent's loneliness !

'Twas found—convulsive heaved the breast,
To which the lovely babe was prest—
Sudden it stretched its little hands,
As if to clasp in such weak bands
A father's neck ; the artless child,
Then, like a cherub, sweetly smiled :—
Enough—o'er all his trembling frame
The feelings of the father came ;
Shone in her face his sainted wife,
Spake in that smile, and waked to life
Affection's current ; ah ! what force
Resistless urges on its course !
Moved—melted by the thought that she,
Who loved so true—so tenderly,
Asked for her babe his fond caress,
Bade him its infant life to bless,

And prayed that it might ever prove
A fond memento of her love,
He wished to live, the watch to be,
Over his young child's destiny ;
In startling peril a defence—
The safeguard of her innocence ;
He hoped in her fair form to trace
His Anna's sweetness, Anna's grace ;
And, in that casket see enshrined
The jewels of his Anna's mind.

Hail to thee, gift of heaven above,
Strongest of ties, parental love !
What breast but feels thy sovereign power ?
Where is the climate—what the hour,
In which thou rul'st not ? Glad, to thee,
The gay, the noble, and the free,
Earth's proudest sons, and those who weep,
Decey'd by slavery, galling, deep—

Who dwell where winter ever reigns,
Or faint on India's sultry plains,
A free and generous homage pay—
Thy mandate hear—thy laws obey.
And whether peace delighted bring
Rich treasures on her lively wing,
Or dark and fearful woes impend,
Thou art a refuge—thou a friend !
Without thee, smiling infancy
Would flourish ? no—neglected die !
Without thy aid, impetuous youth
Small love would feel for virtue—truth,
But rush to vice's giddy brink,
And in the dreadful vortex sink :
And e'en to manhood thou dost give
Aids, neither few nor fugitive.
O ! let thy warmth, pervading, melt
Each rougher passion, and be felt
At home—at home ! O ! there should be
An altar consecrate to thee !—

Still deign thy subject man to bless,
And minister to his happiness.

Time to the wretched brings relief—
Time steals the keener pangs from grief.—
Years fled, and to the mourner came,
Lights with the shadows,—oft the name
Of her he loved, the form, the smile,
Came on his memory, and the while
His soul was troubled : but no more
The floods rushed over him, and tore
From its deep basis every stay
Of hope, and bore it swift away.
Frequent he sorrowed ; but the thought
Instinct with woe, expelling aught
That peace might welcome, slow retired,
And fled : unburthened, he respired
More freely, calmer feelings sent
Their tidings to his heart, and bent
His sorrowing spirit to their power,
And gleamed upon the lonely hour.

And thus a melancholy came,
And settled on him—not the same
That taints enjoyment's fitful springs
With its black gall, but that which brings
Medicine of gentle force, to find,
And heal the deep wounds of the mind,—
To soothe, to chasten, and to bless,
With its subduing tenderness.
Led by its power, he frequent sought
Some devious path, some lovely spot,
Once to his sainted Anna dear:
Gazed on each flower that blossomed near,
And heard in every breeze's sigh,
A sound to wake fond memory.
There was he seen when new-born light
Hung its pale lustres in the east;
And there he wandered when the night
Wrapped her dim form in ebon vest:
But when the evening gave to view,
Her softened charms, her purple hue,

And tinted every flood and mead
With her own radiance, as she spread
Her colours o'er the world—like this !
No moment bordered upon bliss ;
None gave exalted pleasures birth—
None won him from the things of earth.

Then came a feeling, undefined
But blissful, tenderly to bind
Its fetters round him ; then the scene
Poured in his soul its own serene
And bland inspirings :—he forgot
The world,—himself,—his darksome lot,—
And seemed the feeling part to be
Of Nature's grand immensity.
Deep were his musings—they were high—
Now fixed on earth ; and now the sky,
With all its glories, was their theme ;—
He was enveloped in a dream

Of beauty, grace, and majesty,
Extending to infinity.

But their flight ended, and a train
Of recollections shook the chain
By sorrow woven; all that gave
Its interest to the scene,—the wave,
The mountain, grove, and opening glade,
O'er which departing sunbeams played,
The rays that mingling, dying, sent
Their glories through the firmament,
Spoke of his Anna—she, with him,
Had hung enraptured on the hymn
Of evening; now her voice was heard
In the last carol of the bird,
And now her placid smile was seen,
In the soft light that glanced between
Heaven and reposing earth;—he thought
That she was near him, and he sought

To commune with her—O ! he dwelt
With transport on the vision—felt
The strength of those pure, unseen ties,
The spirit-binding mysteries,
Which neither time nor fate can sever !
Which are exhausted—weakened—never !
Trembling he stood ; the thoughts that burn
Swelled in his breast, and bade him turn
His eager gaze to Heaven,—but there
His eye could rest not, for a tear
Had dimmed his vision—yes ! he wept,
Even when his sorrows gently slept.

O ! 'tis a sacred bliss to weep !
A bliss to sordid minds unknown—
O ! 'tis a holy thing to steep
In tears the thoughts we rest upon !
When rapture kindles in the eye,
When joy, entrancing joy, is near,
When sorrow heaves the mournful sigh,
O ! why suppress the ready tear !

And are there none, who, near our side,
Press fondly through life's wilderness,
For whom the pearly drop may glide
Unbidden from its deep recess?
Is there no error—secret grief—
No hidden blot—no piercing woe—
In which the tear would give relief,
O'er which the pensive stream may flow?

Weep! for affection claims a tear—
Weep! for thy weakness asks it too—
How sweet the hues of life appear
Reflected by such holy dew!
Weep! and thy timid, startled eye
On life's brief page shall calmly rest;
Weep! and the tear shall sanctify
The secrets of thy troubled breast!

Meanwhile, the seasons, flitting by,
Smiled on the tender Emily;

And led her to the rosy bower
Where childhood trips its little hour ;—
Health's blossoms o'er her cheek were hung,
Gay flowers in her lap were flung,
And Nature pleased, delighted, shed
Odorous treasures on her head :
Sweet the expressive look that spake,
Ere her young lip the silence brake ;
And sweet as from the heart they sprung
The tender accents of her tongue ;—
She was the sportive, lovely one,
The eye delights to gaze upon ;
And when she wantoned in her play,
And bounded like the fawn away,
Or danced within the shady bowers,
Or brushed among the dewy flowers,
There came upon the raptured sense
A vision of pure innocence.

Her father—oh ! the winning grace
That sat upon her rosy face,

The glances of her speaking eye,
Her artless sensibility,
And all the thousand charms that move,
Feed, and dilate a parent's love ;
Won on his heart, relieved his pain,
And made existence smile again :
They came upon it as a gleam
Of sunlight—as the cheerful beam
Pierces the clouds by tempests driven,
And darts on earth the light of heaven.
O ! she became a second spring
Of hope and nascent joy, to bring
Fresh into life the gushing powers
That slumbered in his sorrowing hours !
And as she grew, unfolded more
The sweetness that had charmed before,
And more the lovely traits disclosed
That in her infant form reposed,—
With brighter thoughts his bosom glowed—
Serener life's dark current flowed.

Sweet task for him ! to watch a flower
Lovely as those in Eden's bower,
And see to grow beneath his care,
Virtues that choicest, rarest, are.
How 'sweet to note some rising trace
Of her who held a sacred place
In his affections ! to behold
The pledge of her chaste love unfold
Her vanished beauty, to relume
His life—a second Anna bloom !

Oft would his anxious eye explore
Her lineaments—oft wander o'er
His daughter's face, and pensive rest,
Where the endearing look confest
Its pristine source—unconsciously
To other days his thoughts would fly ;
Again in life's bright scenes he moved ;
Again he clasped the form he loved ;
Again joy's beaming vision shone
His home, his widowed heart upon ;

Again there came—how soon to flee !—
The picture of felicity.

Thus the past shone with rainbow hue,
As beautiful, as transient too ;
But when the fading colours fled,
And the loved semblance vanished,
The light that o'er his features played
Set in a cloud of deepening shade :
Fondly his daughter lingered nigh—
She marked the change—she felt the sigh—
But spake not—only on him bent
A look most touching, eloquent ;
And, to relieve his brow of care,
Rushed to his heart and nestled there.

Blest privilege ! with fostering hand
Fair virtue's plants to dress and bind ;
And watch, as freely they expand,
The blossoms of the high-born mind.

And who so lost to generous deeds,
So mean, so base as to deny
That culture which the frail plant needs
To train it for its native sky ?
Ah ! who with niggard hand would hide,
In some dark cave, the precious gem,
Nor see it, with a manly pride,
The glory of the diadem !
Let not the sleeping genius lie
Unformed, deserted, to expire ;
But wake it to its destiny,
And warm it with ethereal fire :
O ! suffer not ingenuous youth
In shades of ignorance to pine,
But give the light of knowledge—truth—
Knowledge that blesses, truth divine !
Eager they haste where Science beams,
And in its rays new pleasures find—
Eager they seek the mighty streams
Which roll their waters o'er the mind :

They pant for fame ; an ardent love
Of science, virtue, swells the breast ;
The darkest ills they rise above,
By which the coward is distress ;
And still they swell with ardour pure ;
And still they rise with noble aim ;
Till on the towering heights secure
They stand, and earn a glorious name.
'Twas thus the father reasoned—felt ;
And when in solitude he knelt,
Oft whispered was the fervent prayer
For his child's good ; upon the care
To his loved offspring ever shown,
Was asked a blessing from the throne
Where dwells the Eternal—awful name !
The prayer was heard—the blessing came :—
All that his fondest wishes knew,
All that his chastened fancy drew,
Of sweetness, love, and purity,
Promised a rich maturity :

Lovely she was, but lovelier rose
Her mind its graces to disclose,
And on her beauty shed its light,
As the sun gilds the queen of night.
O ! 'twas his aim that mind to store
With learning's treasures—sacred lore !
To illume it with a living ray—
To give its quick emotions play—
Its generous sympathies to move—
Inspire it with exalted love—
To deck with gems, whose brilliant rays
Should shine for ever—ever blaze !
Silent she listened as he taught :
Her heart with richest feeling fraught,
Grateful in quicker pulses moved,
More truly, reverently loved.
These were his thanks ; enough—they came
Encircled with a lambent flame
Of filial piety—more near
He saw hope's smiling dawn appear ;

And fondly thought, that time should see
New graces in his Emily ;
That she more radiant should shine,
Adorned with virtues more divine.

Where—where is beauty, grandeur, found ?

Ah ! where the Deity displayed ?—

Look upon Nature smiling round,

Glowing with light, or dim with shade !

There is, in every flower that springs

From the glad earth, and grateful flings

Its odours on the ambient air—

In every bud and blossom fair—

In every tree, whose branches high

Spread forth a verdant canopy—

In every ray of piercing light—

In every star that gems the night—

A mystic language—sweet and fair,

Splendid and solemn, God declare :

Forth shine in all, minute or grand,

The wonders of his plastic hand ;

Abroad his Spirit walks, to give
Freshness and joy to all that live ;
Whilst earth harmonious pours her lays,
And hills reverberate his praise.

'Tis where luxuriant Nature dwells
In verdant groves and flowery dells,
Or where sublimer prospects rise,
Rocks tower, and mountains pierce the skies,
The soul enfranchised, buoyant, free,
Breathes the pure air of Deity !
And there, the lesson to impress
Of grandeur full, or loveliness,
The father led his child : she roved
Fondly beside him, inward moved—
Gazing around with humid eyes,
Listening to the wild melodies,
Exulting in the thoughts that roll
Their inspiration o'er the soul.

He bade her turn a prying look
On Nature's curious, mighty book—
To scan each page, and take from thence,
Truth in its native eloquence :
He pointed where, bright as the day,
The elements of beauty lay ;
Taught her to catch the swelling notes
Of that grand harmony which floats
Wide o'er the world—the evidence
Of Wisdom and Omnipotence !
And thus her taste, expanding, drew
Pure pleasures from the scenes she knew,
Where varying forms and colours shone,
And Beauty's empire made her own.
But more, the glorious works that spread
In wide magnificence around,
Poured of their spirit on her head,
And waked her soul to thought profound—
Warm as the sun—pure as the sky—
The raptures of her piety.

To her, the flowers from earth that spring,
The woods with joyous songs that ring,
The plains where health's glad breezes blow,
The heavens whence light's pure fountains flow,
A present Deity revealed—
Never from mind—from mind concealed ;
But brighter seen, more glorious known,
By those who seek his hallowed throne.

But not alone did Nature's page
Present its lore, her thoughts engage ;
Frequent the book of life she saw,
And pondered oft its holy law ;
Thither her thirsty spirit flew,
And of the living fountain drew ;
O ! what of earth, or great or rare,
With this rich treasure could compare ?
Her father's treasure ! it had given
Peace to his soul by sorrow riven.

His hand he rested where it told,
In sacred characters of gold,
Of love—immeasurable—free,
And boundless as eternity :
He spake of Charity that shares
With all, or human joys or cares ;
Of Faith, that plumes her ardent wing,
Of Hope o'er the dark grave triumphing ;
And cheered her spirit as it fled
Trembling on high, and traversed
Bright fields of ether, till it came
Where splendour dazzles—glories flame :
What visions of celestial light
Burst—vivid burst upon her sight !
What rays from living sapphires streamed !
What majesty effulgent beamed !
She saw the seraph forms that dwell
The radiant throne around, and swell
The sacred song—shone there confest
The promised mansions of the blest ;

And lovely was the hope that all
Whom faith and holiness refine,
Shall share delights that cannot pall,
And bright the stars of heaven shine.
Her spirit sunk to earth, but still
Her bosom felt the extatic thrill ;
And as the ancient seer who trod
The dreadful mount, and spoke with God,
Caught of the fire that sacred burned,
And radiant to his flock returned ;
Her eye retained the vision's trace,
And her's was as an angel's face.

Together thus they lived and loved ;
Each moment as it fled improved ;
Together drank of pure delights,
Where virtue leads and peace invites :
What holy transports filled their breast
Of hope, eternal hope, possess !

What fragrant incense rose on high,
The offering of their piety !

Nor scornful smile, ye thoughtless gay,
Who fling life's richest gifts away ;
Nor ye, base folly's glittering crowd,
Swelling with pomp, of fashion proud ;
O ! smile not at the simple joys
They found apart from show and noise ;
Nor scorn the sweets by virtue given,
Which cheer the heart like dews from heaven !
And say, can Splendour's flickering glare
With Virtue's modest charms compare ?
Or can she equal value give
For the pure joys that ever live ?
Go, thoughtless ones, vain, proud, and weak,
And Pleasure's fond delusions seek ;
Still traverse Splendour's dazzling hall,
Seize, eager seize Ambition's pall ;

Of Circe's cup insensate taste,
And life in maddening riot waste ;
But hide ye from the gaze of day,
Minions of pride, away ! away !

Have ye not seen, when gay and bright,
The heavens shower unwonted light,
And woods and meadows glittering burn,
And floods the sparkling beam return—
A sudden cloud the sky o'erspread ;
The tempest lift his awful head,
Over the glowing prospect lower,
And wide his darkening horrors pour ?
So, on the peaceful joys that crowned
The father's hope, misfortune frowned :
So, on his brightening prospect fell
A sudden gloom, a baleful spell.
Ah ! hapless parent ! he had found
A balsam for his heart's deep wound,

In the fond love that well repaid
His care paternal—not a shade
Its warmth and brightness clouded ; sprung
His Emily's heart to his, she hung
O'er his loved face, his wishes read,
And where they pointed, followed :
A dream it was by Heaven sent
Of a young angel-spirit lent
To bless him by his side attending,—
Alas ! the dream—the dream was ending !

Brilliant the glances of her eye,
And fresh the roses on her cheek,—
Ah ! what foretold this brilliancy ?
What did the mantling colour speak ?
They told of early change—decay—
Of sudden flight from earth away—
Of union with the angelic throngs,
To whom such loveliness belongs !

And thus it was, her wasting frame
Confessed the insidious fever's flame.
Her father marked the change ; dismayed
He called on man, on Heaven, for aid ;
But vain the skill, and vain the care,
Vain was the wish—the impassioned prayer ;
As the rich flower in fragrance bathed,
By the terrific lightning scathed,
Blighted reclines its dying head,
And prostrate falls on earth's dark bed ;—
She drooped—she pined—till at the last,
Over her pallid features past
A sacred smile, and she was gone—
Mysterious Heaven claimed its own !

They laid her in the holy dust,
Her oft-lamented mother nigh :
The dirge was sung, the prayer of trust—
Of pious trust arose on high.

No pageant there, no empty show—
The sable train that bent around,
Wore not the garb of *mimic* woe—
Their tears bedewed the sacred ground.

Why did they weep? the lovely one,
Pure as the flowers that decked her bier,
High on the wings of love had flown,
An angel, to an angel's sphere ;

There, as the ages ceaseless flow,
To win and wear a glorious prize,
Ineffable delights to know,
Higher in virtue, bliss, to rise.

Frequent a darkened form was seen
To pace the consecrated green,
Or prostrate on the grave to lie,
When twilight's mantle veiled the sky :—

'Twas the Bereaved ! he felt the smart,
The anguish of a breaking heart :
One solace his dark spirit knew—
One only comfort—to bedew
With tears, with burning tears the spot
Where hope lay buried ;—he forgot
Time's motion as he lingered near—
His home, for so he felt, was there ;
And there, in death's serene repose,
Welcome oblivion to his woes :—
Alone—unwilling he delayed
To quit the world ; he only prayed
To die and be at rest. .

KENILWORTH.

A SOLEMN stillness hangs upon the scene.—
Even in the blaze of day these towers wear
The hue of gloom and sadness ; glowing skies,
And suns that swim in streams of dazzling light,
Seem not for them ; but cloud and gathering storm,
When the dark heaps, like shadowy mountains piled,
Fill heaven's vast circuit, and the sullen wind
In fitful gusts betrays his swelling rage,
Or pours along the woods his plaintive moan.
Steals round the echoing walls the mimic note
Of far-off noises, and the startled ear

In deep suspense is held ; the timid eye
Turns to the spot, as if unearthly forms,
Quitting their wild and solitary chambers,
Should wander forth with slow and stately tread,
Of ancient times and wondrous scenes to tell.

But now the day is past ;—yon stately hall
Shone with the lustre, the magnificence,
Which western skies reflect ; the lofty arch,
And the few fragments of its tracery,
By Time's rude hand respected, seemed on fire ;
The ivy glittered with the streaming gold,
Then quick the sun departed—oh ! it seemed
As if he mocked the tottering, crumbling pile,
With a bright vision of its bygone splendour ;
As if he told, by his swift vanishing,
The darkness of its fate.—The fading light
Hangs even yet upon the battlement,
Even yet the narrow loophole gives its way—

No more—no more—the last pale, dying streak
Sinks from the wide horizon, and—'tis night !

Yes, and these lofty, massive ruins stand
In grandeur all their own : halls, chambers, towers,
The ponderous buttress and the frowning keep,
The matted clusters of the treacherous ivy,
Lose their own form ; the murky shades of night
Begirt them round, and blend them into one :
They swell—they rise—in wild sublimity
They seem to fill a more extended base,
With more gigantic height to touch the skies.

There is a mystery in darkness—night,
Which the eye cannot fathom. When they reign,
Familiar things assume a foreign shape ;
And over scenes as yet unviewed by day,
The fancy restless wanders—lists and starts,
Or on itself with feverish haste recoils.
That mystery hangs o'er these deserted walls ;

And gloom and desolation reign supreme.
How awful ! who would dare to penetrate
The vaulted dungeon, pace the roofless hall,
Or seek by broken steps the watch-tower's height ?
And why not ?—Listening the midnight hour,
No disembodied spirit anxious waits,
To give its wailings to the mournful wind,
Or hold its revels 'mid congenial gloom.
Yet Superstition round the coward mind
Her fetters weaves ; beneath her torpid spell
The limbs refuse their office, Reason speaks,
But speaks unheard ; and nought avails to lead
The timorous footstep to yon dark abode.

The bird of night has ceased his wailing cry ;
And scattered sheep, which crop at other hours
The verdant turf, by weeping Nature spread,
In pity o'er the prostrate heaps, or browse
Upon the low and tangled shrubs that spring
Between the rifted stones ; unseen, recline,

Wrapt in the quiet of oblivious sleep.
There is no sound—there is ! a hollow sigh,
Borne on the bosom of the midnight air,
As o'er the rampart's top it idly sweeps,
And bends the rustling grass : sad, it besseems
The genius of the place ; and here, perhaps,
Cowering beneath some fragment huge, he sits,
And mourns the vast, the savage overthrow :
Weeps for the halls with storied arras hung—
Weeps for the loftier keep, where frequent glowed
The midnight watch-fire, and the vaulted floors
Rung with the iron tread of men-at-arms ;
The court with sculptures graced, the terraced walk,
The devious pleasance, and wide-spreading lake,
Whose mimic surge assailed the rampart's base—
Weeps for the woods that crowned its smiling banks,
The lengthened chase, and forests rising round,
By budding spring or mellow autumn decked—
Weeps all the winning beauty, grandeur, state,
Which ages long since numbered saw to shine

These princely halls around : in saddest guise
The devastation mourns ; or starting up,
With frantic rage his malediction hurls
Upon the authors of the ruthless deed.—
Vain tears ! vain rage ! alas, their ancient strength,
Primeval glory, time shall ne'er restore.

A change comes on—the deeper, blacker shades,
Coil themselves up and gradual fall away ;
The crescent moon, her silent walk begun,
Ascends the East, and through careering clouds,
That envious now conceal her lovely face,
And now are seen the chariot of her beauty,
Her fitful light dispenses ; higher still
She climbs the wide expanse, more frequently
Her pearly smile adorns a sleeping world.
How beautiful ! how softly beautiful !
The silvery radiance pours in gentle streams,
And bathes the hoary pile ;—no more enwrapt
In horrid gloom, nor yet distinctly shewn,

As by the glitter of meridian day,
Its ruined splendour strikes ; high on the walls
The moon-beam lies, or through the stately arch.
Or shattered portal slanting takes its way :
The fragment jutting from the lofty height
And threatening to fall, upon its brow
Receives its welcome light ; whilst shadows trail
Their lengthened form, on shapeless masses fall,
And only hide what the eye would not see.
Now is your empire, venerable towers !
When the storm lowers and lightnings blaze around,
And darkening horrors fold ye in their shades,
Ye frown terrific o'er the vale, and seem,
As though the exulting demon of the storm
Swelled on your heights ; his potent rod outstretched
To guide his wrathful legions. Oh ! not thus,
Ye pour in the recesses of the soul
Thoughts pensive yet not painful : call to life
The sympathies whose mystic tie unites
The mind and nature's scenes ; or faithful paint,

Upon Imagination's tablet, images
Of your departed greatness—but as now !
Beheld in silence by the moon's pale beam,
And standing in alternate light and shade
The relics of the past ; whilst fleecy clouds
In slow succession glide, and fields and woods,
Reposing in the beams of that soft light
Which gives its beauty to ye, harmonize
With the mysterious interest ye create.
I feel your power ; with senses captivate,
I gaze in reverence of the dignity
Which still rests on you, and my thoughts can read
The melancholy smile that seems to say,
Once and for aye our glory is departed !

Am I alone ? What mingling voices steal
In ardent whispers by ? The midnight hour
What pageant rouses from its deep repose ?
What dazzling vision mocks the astonished gaze ?
Pressing the lawn with steps so light and free

As scarce to break the gems of dew that lie
Profusely spread around, a joyous troop
Press eager forward where the tournament
Was wont the flame of chivalry to light
With fire from Beauty's eyes : they haste along,
" The lists—the lists are ready," is the cry.
The shadowing portal passed, a bevy fair
Of courtly dames the pleased balcony fill ;
And knights are near, beneath whose steel cuirass
Heroic hearts with warm emotion throb,
For beauty burning—deeds of high emprise.
Of these, the polished armour mirrors back
Heaven's silvery light, to meet the tranquil beam
Mantles the gay-wrought crest. Of those, the smile
Dances from cheek to cheek, still heightening
Their peerless beauty, their surpassing grace.
Enrapturing sight ! a thousand dazzling charms
Blend in that galaxy of loveliness.
How glorious is the pageant ! Chivalry
Marshals exultingly her noble train :

Over the gorgeous scene her banner floats.
But see ! obedient to the herald's voice,
The eager champions rein their fiery steeds,
Then dash them forth, in fierce encounter meet.
Heavens, what a shock ! The clashing mail emits
Fire-sparks that shame the meteor's flashing light ;
From their stern grasp the shivered lances fall,
And one is borne to earth. Quick on the plain
The mortal strife rekindles. Who shall tell
The high resolve that glowed in either breast,
To do devoir and win his lady's praise !
Or say how oft, amid the gazing throng,
The prayer was uttered, God defend the right !
The combat thickens, nor does shield avail
To ward redoubling blows : an instant more,
And reeling from the falchion's dreadful stroke,
Vanquished again, the knight exhausted falls,
And Mercy's dagger glitters at his throat—
“ O spare him ! spare him ! ” At the mortal cry,
The deadly combatants and panting steeds,

Ladies and knights, the lovely and the brave,
And all the gay and pompous retinue,
Gaze wildly and then vanish. O'er the scene,
Again the ruined tower and weedy court,
Her watch pale Silence keeps—I *am* alone !

'Twas then a vision : bright and quick it came ;
As quick it melted in the lunar ray.
Yet have there shone within these spacious walls,
Pageants as gorgeous, warm with real life.
Here, of their beauty vain and noble blood,
Have Albion's daughters led the hours along :
And here, attendant knights in courtly guise,
Have seemed to live but in each fair one's eye.
Not thus for ever—sterner arts have won,
And tragedy has changed the sparkling scene ;
Oft has war's ensign floated on the breeze,
With battle's din the echoing walls have rung,
And treachery a horrid deed has done
Within the buried dungeons of the keep.

Laid in the sleep of ages, spectred forms
Of peace or war, of hatred or of love,
Of abject guilt or dauntless heroism,
Come not at will, for centuries of years
Are piled upon them ; but the Historic Muse
Has, on her page, their leading features stamped,
And shews a brief but striking retrospect.
Lo, at her touch the feudal ages roll
From Time's dark cavern to the glare of day !
She tells of feudal strength, tyrannic power ;
Of barons, hardy, turbulent, and fierce,
Who with each other waged incursive war,
Or leagued together shook the feeble throne,
Or single-handed, made and unmade kings.

Speak we of kings ? How frequent have they found
Within the walls now crumbling into dust,
A faithful vassal or imperious lord—
A banquet-hall or prison ? Not a few,
Edwards and Henrys, walked this place of strength,

But chief as master. Hither hied their court,
And in their deep carousals eager drained
The wassail bowl, till the resounding roof
Quick on their heads flung back the boisterous laugh.
Changed to a bower of pleasance and of love,
Its courts a virgin queen delighted sought ;
And round her fluttered youth and beauty too,
And lords and knights the flattering homage paid.
What glittering shows, what splendid feasts were here !
What gay profusion waited on the hours !
And Leicester ! how his artful countenance
With smiles was teeming, and his villain's heart
Was swollen with unutterable pride,
As he to meet his royal mistress turned,
And felt himself her host ! Ah ! in the night,
When innocence in silken sleep is bound,
Does Amy Robsart wake delirium's dream,
Stand by his couch, and call him to the shades ?
Unhappy Amy ! o'er thy injured name
The Muse in pity drops the starting tear ;

Thou, in thy loveliness wert flung aside,
Wert basely spurned like some dishonoured thing ;
Thy bosom's love was outraged, and thy life—
O ! was thy dreamy life a forfeit too !
Forfeit for what ? That the arch hypocrite
Might bask once more in vain Eliza's smile.—
Rest, injured shade ! thy breathless, deep repose,
No shrieks of horror shall invade :—to him,
Perfidious, murderous, retribution comes.
Where is the queen ? the crafty favorite where ?
And all of beauty or of rank the flower,
The patriot band or parasitic herd,
The multitudes who, light and gay of heart,
Made the woods vocal with their revelry,
And raised their deafening plaudits to the skies—
Where are they ? Gone ! The stern destroyer's hand
Swept them away ;—they found a common grave.
The scene remains, but changed—alas, how changed !

The festive pomp in which the inventive power

Was racked for novelty, fled, quickly fled ;
Applauding voices died upon the air,
Yet triumph shone o'er Kenilworth ; her halls
Blazoned had been with more than regal pride,
And she had touched the acmé of her fame :
Thence she could only fall, as greatness falls
When it can rise no more ! but who shall praise
The hands that dashed her splendour to the ground ?—
Over the land the flame of discord raged,
And civil war his gory flag unfurled ;
Keen was the strife and deadly ; friend to friend
Opposed the hostile brand, and royalty
On the grim scaffold bled ; then castles, halls,
Raised in rude grandeur o'er the rocky step,
Or guarded by the tributary stream,
Tottered and fell beneath Destruction's blow.
Here is the proof—the melancholy proof !
O ! were ye patriots, thus to strew the land
With fragments of the stately piles that decked

And gloom and desolation reign supreme.
How awful ! who would dare to penetrate
The vaulted dungeon, pace the roofless hall,
Or seek by broken steps the watch-tower's height ?
And why not ?—Listening the midnight hour,
No disembodied spirit anxious waits,
To give its wailings to the mournful wind,
Or hold its revels 'mid congenial gloom.
Yet Superstition round the coward mind
Her fetters weaves ; beneath her torpid spell
The limbs refuse their office, Reason speaks,
But speaks unheard ; and nought avails to lead
The timorous footstep to yon dark abode.

The bird of night has ceased his wailing cry ;
And scattered sheep, which crop at other hours
The verdant turf, by weeping Nature spread,
In pity o'er the prostrate heaps, or browse
Upon the low and tangled shrubs that spring
Between the rifted stones ; unseen, recline,

Wrapt in the quiet of oblivious sleep.
There is no sound—there is ! a hollow sigh,
Borne on the bosom of the midnight air,
As o'er the rampart's top it idly sweeps,
And bends the rustling grass : sad, it beseems
The genius of the place ; and here, perhaps,
Cowering beneath some fragment huge, he sits,
And mourns the vast, the savage overthrow :
Weeps for the halls with storied arras hung—
Weeps for the loftier keep, where frequent glowed
The midnight watch-fire, and the vaulted floors
Rung with the iron tread of men-at-arms ;
The court with sculptures graced, the terraced walk,
The devious pleasure, and wide-spreading lake,
Whose mimic surge assailed the rampart's base—
Weeps for the woods that crowned its smiling banks,
The lengthened chase, and forests rising round,
By budding spring or mellow autumn decked—
Weeps all the winning beauty, grandeur, state,
Which ages long since numbered saw to shine

THE RETREAT.

HAIL to this unassuming spot !
Hail to this silent calm retreat !
With joy I'll seek thy friendly shade,
And lay me on thy rustic seat :—
Here, while the woodbine scents the gale,
And while the stream flows smooth along,
I'll listen to the stock-dove's note,
Or to the distant blackbird's song.

The Sun, adown the golden west
Retiring, flings his parting beam ;
Which glances through the distant trees,
And plays upon the rippling stream ;

No more the glowing orb is seen,—
He hastes to other worlds, to pay
His tribute due of light and heat,
And glad them with returning day.

Now Evening closer draws around
Her dewy star-bespangled vest ;
She ushers in the silent Night ;
And nature slowly sinks to rest.—
E'en o'er my soul the influence steals
Of this so calm, so solemn hour,
Nor will I seek to stay its course,
But yield to all its soothing power.

I'll muse: and who, while thus retired
From all that's little, mean, and low,
Feels not his heart to virtue beat,
His breast with pious transports glow?
Who, thus secluded from the world,
Its shadowy pomp, its empty noise,

Spurns not at all it can bestow—
Spurns not its heart-corroding joys?

I'll think of her whose lovely smile
Throws round me an enlivening ray,
Whose fond affection glads my soul,
And cheers me on my devious way :
My Mary ! yes, I'll think of thee,
Long as life's current warms my breast ;
And with my last expiring sigh,
I'll breathe thy name—then sink to rest.

Now shall the tender charities
Of friend and brother, rise to view,
And never will my heart refuse
The meed, to love and friendship due :
To me, how grateful is their love !
To me, their happiness how dear !
I'll share with them their heartfelt joys,
And shed, with those that shed—a tear.

I'll muse of man—his being—end—
Of that Almighty Power benign,
Who taught this earth its course to roll,
Who taught these glittering orbs to shine ;
But ah ! what finite mind shall dare,
Though borne on Fancy's magic wing,
To scan the grace and boundless love
Of Heaven's all-wise, all-glorious King !

For me, low sinking in the dust,
Behold, Great God ! thy suppliant bend ;
O ! teach me more myself to know,
And be my Father and my Friend :
Then should my sinking spirits fail,
Her cheering balm, bid Hope impart ;
And lead me through this slippery vale
With humble mind and chastened heart.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

SWEET child of Nature ! rest thy fluttering wing ;
Thy stay the woodbine's honied stores invite ;
Ah ! fear me not, thou timid, trembling thing !
Nor urge, for other sweets, thy varying flight.

Gaily thou'rt decked by Nature's lavish hand ;
Thine is the glitter of an eastern bride ;
Tenderly round thee sport young zephyrs bland,
And gently wave thy pinions' downy pride.

How shines thy gold, lit up by Phœbus' ray !
Thy sapphire seeks with heaven's own tint to vie ;
And pearls like those adorning young-eyed Day,
Spangle amid thy crescent's ruby dye.

Beauteous art thou ! yet changeful as the wind :
Thee it delights, inconstant still to rove ;
No flower can charm thee, and no tendril bind—
Fragrance nor beauty win thy truant love.

Go, faithless insect ! seek the myrtle bower,
Where Rosa gives its freshness to the shade :
Read in her bosom love's delightful power,
And be thou constant as the tender maid.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

'Tis finished : the divine decree,
The awful word to thee is given,
Which bears thee hence from fleeting joys,
To pure and perfect bliss in heaven.

And he, whose soul was linked with thee,
Thy converse all his pains beguiling,
Thy love with mild and even ray
Upon his autumn pathway smiling ;

And they, dear pledges of that love,
Who owned in thee so choice a blessing,
Whose worth bespeaks thy guardian care,
Their minds thy excellence possessing ;

Now mourn thy loss—bereaved mourn—

In sorrow pine—in misery languish ;

Now half repress the bursting sigh ;

Now vent it with redoubled anguish ;

While Memory, sadly pleasing power,

Each loved and honoured feature traces,

Gives airy nothingness thy form,

And clothes it with thy christian graces :

Paints thee, as when in happy time,

The smile—the fond caress bestowing ;

Thine eye with pleasure's tear suffused,

Thy breast with fond affection glowing.

Ah vain, ah bitter task ! for see,

The loved illusion disappearing,

Grief holds anew her cheerless sway,

A dark and saddening aspect wearing.

Soon may their sorrows cease to flow,
And gentle Peace their bosom filling,
Bid Hope her cheering influence shed,
Like heavenly dew, its balm distilling.

And if, blest shade, the change be thine,
Unseen, unfelt, around them moving,
To shield their heads from every harm,
In danger's path a safeguard proving ;

How happy then, on life's rough way
To tread, a heavenly guard defending ;
Can danger overwhelm, or snare betray,
Thy hand from every ill defending ?

And happier still, that journey o'er,
To meet, and part—ah, never, never !
To wing with thee the pathless way,
And dwell in realms of bliss for ever.

A SKETCH.

'Tis a sweet spot !

Where Art's judicious hand has added charms,
And given new loveliness to lovely Nature :—
Let the eye rest upon the scene awhile,
Delighted with its richness and its beauty.

The lawn,

Spread with a verdant carpet, to the south
Declines in easy slope ; and circling near,
Luxurious evergreens unite their boughs,
And lend a grateful shade. Of humbler growth
And varied beauty, flowers spring around,

Unfold their charms, and scent the ambient air :
The lily fain would hide her modest head,
Like some sweet maiden of the sheltered hamlet ;
Whilst bolder on its stem, the flaunting tulip
Displays its hues, and courts the gazer's eye :
Above, the woodbine hangs her nectary,
And casts profuse her sweets. Sweet are they all ;
But sweetest of her children, gentle Flora
Has formed the blushing rose, and called her queen,
And fixed her empire o'er unnumbered tribes.
Here she reclines upon her leafy throne,
And in return for ready-yielded homage,
Blooming in grace, her fragrance she exhales.
Beyond the orchard's close enwoven shade,
Where the young pledge of autumn's fruit abounds,
The upland rises ; there the lowing kine
Crop the rich herb, or ruminant at length.
And see, the elm high towering, and the oak
Wreathing his limbs in many a knotty fold,
With fragrant lime, and the aspiring fir,

Mingle their tints and form one living green :
Beneath, a narrow vale pursues its course,
Fertile and varied ; till the distant hill,
As with a curtain, shuts the prospect in.

With softened heat the sun pursues his way,
To hide his glories in the Atlantic wave.
His path is marked with glory ; and the clouds,
Tinted with gold and purple, flit along
The spacious bosom of the pure blue sky.
A light breeze springs, and fans the sultry scene,
Waves every leaf, and wafts the odours round.
Hark, how the feathered tenants of the air,
Warble their lay of thankfulness to heaven,
And fill the woods with grateful melody !

Oh, sweetly sing the airy quire,
And their notes ascend on high ;
While echo bears to the listening ear,
The rapturous symphony.

Blithely they carol their grateful song,
Till the shades of evening close,
Then faintly is heard the dying strain,
And echo sinks to repose.

'Tis twilight now ! and o'er the distant view
The tint of even gathers, till it blend
Field, grove, and woodland, in a purple whole :
Along the valley steals the rising mist,
And tips each leaf and stem, each herb and flower,
With pearls to glitter in the morning ray
When Phœbus decks the east. Star after star
Peeps from the spacious canopy on high,
And sparkles with a soft and fitful lustre ;
As shines the diamond on the violet robe
Of peerless beauty. Hastening to the west,
Sweet Venus, daughter of the foamy wave,
Her chariot guides in splendid majesty ;
And leads the lover to his fair one's presence,
And sheds her blessing on their pure embrace :

Whilst far beyond compare, the virgin Moon
Her bright and swelling crescent hangs sublime,
To light the nightly wanderer to his home.
O ! what a glorious scene is now beheld !
How wondrous fair the canopy of heaven !
O ! tis a view to fix the wandering eye ;
To charm the mute attention, and to raise
Far from this spot of earth, the raptured soul,
Till, trembling in its flight, it pause awhile
To worship at the shrine of Deity !

Apace the dews descend ; and now the air
Pierces with chilly influence the frame,
And warns me hence.

FRIENDSHIP.

“ Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship ?”

AKENSIDE.

I LOVE to see at early dawn,
The dim mist slowly melt away,
And Phœbus, o'er the mountain's brow,
Renew with smiles the joyous day ;—
The Lark, as swells his matin song,
Through fields of shining ether sail ;
Whilst low of herds and hum of men,
Blend into music on the gale.

But more I love to watch the smile,
That beams from pure affection's face,
The charm that breaks the spell of care,
And gives to converse heavenly grace;
To catch the sweetly soothing tones,
As from beloved lips they part,
Which fall with transport on the ear,
And send their influence to the heart.

Sweet is the evening's balmy sigh,
When zephyrs wave the trees no more,
And with a flood of dying light
The arch of heaven is gilded o'er;
And dear the hour, when Flora's train
Their golden leaflets trembling close;
And Nature, with her dewy tear,
Bathes them and leaves them to repose.

More sweet, more dear, beyond compare,
Is Friendship's gentle, heart-felt sigh,

The tear which silently bedews
The lovely cheek of sympathy :—
The tear, the sigh ! they draw their source
Where genuine feeling holds her throne,
And tell, there are who make our fears,
Our griefs and sorrows, all their own.

O ! Friendship, soother of the mind !
Weave, ever weave thy fairy charm ;
Light with thy smile our dearest joys,
And sorrow's deadly pang disarm :
Then shall thy presence peace restore,
And to our hopes new promise bring ;
As flowers display their bloom anew,
Waked by the touch of genial spring.

THE SABBATH EVEN.

Hour of the rest that owns a sacred birth !
The purest borne on Time's unrivalled wing,
And holiest—when the ever-restless earth
Seems from its feverish dream recovering ;
When lovely spirits in their vases bring
Balm, Gilead's balm, to pour into the breast,
And peace inspire beyond imagining,—
Friend of the soul, blest, by our Father blest,
O ! wake the thoughts that swell with deathless interest !

There is devotion in the balmy air,
More bland it breathes, 'tis wafted round more free ;

Each bloom of Nature grateful smiles more fair—
How sweet and odorous the incense she
Burns on the altar of Divinity !
With looks expressive, eloquent, 'tis given !
A purer light glows in the canopy
That earth encircles :—loveliest of the seven,
Calm eve, I welcome thee, and name thee Child of Heaven !

What gives this sweetness, holiness—but love ?
Pure emanation from the fount divine,
Its high inspirings all creation move,
Bright on the heaven-born mind its beamings shine ;
No limits bound it, none shall e'er confine
Its all pervading and resistless course ;
When shall its mighty energies decline ?
Never ! their inextinguishable force
Eternity shall feel, and own their pristine source.

Sacred to prayer, this holy day has seen
Ten thousands kneeling at Jehovah's throne ;

There, light and unchaste thoughts have hallowed been,
And bathed with piety to Heaven have flown :
What sacred joy the worshipper has known,
To whom devotion's breathing spirit came ;
Lowly in heart, who sought his God alone,
Who blessed, as angels bless, his lofty name—
His bosom felt of seraph's thoughts the inspiring flame !

Holy communion with the unseen One,
The concentration of all excellence,
Whose peerless splendour if it mildly shone,
O'erpowering, would absorb the dazzled sense ;
Access to God !—with deepest reverence,
With pure emotion be his presence sought :
Feel they the condescension who dispense
With truth and holiness, and offer aught
Unworthy Him whose purity surpasses thought ?

What glorious truths have dawned upon the mind,
More bright and cheering than the solar ray !

See, Heaven's own teachings tenderly designed
To point, of peace and happiness, the way !
Of love, the grand, the beautiful display,
With visions of earth's fleeting joys they blend
The beatific glories of the day,
When the dread reign of sin and death shall end,
And man redeemed, immortal, free, to heaven ascend.

Thanks for the welcome knowledge that refines !
Thanks, God of grace, for every hope that cheers !
For the bright vision that perpetual shines,
And darts its glory on this vale of tears !
O ! how thy boundless mercy Thee endears
To every bosom ! Fraught with tenderness—
A Father's tenderness—thy will appears ;—
Who seeks, and seeks in vain, thy loved caress ?
Who kneels to thee for blessing when thou wilt not bless ?

This pause from toil, this peaceful, lovely hour,
Is thine, and may the thoughts that feebly spread

O'er thy perfections oft renew their power,
Be more sublime, exalted, hallowed :
In rapture breaking, may they frequent shed
Their inspiration, pour their holy light ;
When cares and joys too fondly loved are fled,
In Eden's bowers they shall glow more bright,
And pierce the skies of Eden with a loftier flight.

Moments there are which shadow forth the bliss,
The native bliss of spots divinely fair—
Moments that, in an arid world like this,
The emerald Oases of deserts are :
O ! if there be, felicitous and rare,
One shining with the fragrant dews of heaven,
One such as seraphim rejoicing share,
Love's radiant pledge by the Eternal given—
Is not that one the placid, holy Sabbath Even ?

HYMN TO CHARITY.

DAUGHTER of Heaven ! sweet Charity !

Come, dwell an inmate of my breast

Be mine the aim, inspired by thee,

In blessing others to be blest.

Why should I sordid pleasures prize ?

Ye low, ye vain enjoyments, hence !

I pant for higher, nobler joys,

The joys of pure benevolence.

Fairest of virtues, O be mine !

Bid love through all my bosom roll ;

Give me to know thy power divine,

And shed thy influence on my soul.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

He lies, he lies beyond the wave
Which idly beats the rock-crowned shore,
A tenant of the fearful grave,
And thou wilt view his form no more :
A stranger's foot is on the ground,
A stranger's sigh is echoed round,
A stranger's lips in silence bound,
Nor present friends his death deplore.

Yet grieve not, if, by fate consigned
To the dark home for all that live,
Thou leav'st his pallid corse behind,
And brief adieus can only give :

O grieve not, though thou may'st not weep
Fend, bitter tears his bed to steep—
To consecrate his earthly sleep ;
But flee'st a mourning fugitive.

Would'st thou that sighs were wafted o'er
The spot where lie his cold remains ?—
The wind that stirs dread ocean's roar,
And howls along the leafless plains,
In plaintive guise, shall only move
The tender blade his head above,
With sigh more gentle e'en than love
Blends with his sweetly-touching strains.

And Ocean's self shall calm his rage ;—
There, in his deep and rocky bed,
The heavings of his wrath assuage,
Shall rest awhile his awful head ;
And, as his waters gently lave
Each beetling cliff and time-worn cave,

Shall waft his voice on every wave,
To moan a requiem for the dead.

Would'st thou have tears? The falling dews
His early fate shall oft bewail—
Shall oft their soothing drops infuse,
To swell the green turf of the vale ;
And flowers shall spring his grave around,
Be o'er his tranquil bosom found,
To fall with weeping to the ground,
And dying tell his mournful tale.

Would'st thou a watchful band were there,
Their pious duty ne'er forgot?
Would'st thou that kindred hearts were near,
In which affection slumbers not?
Not useless is thy wish—nor vain !
For near, unseen, a glittering train,
A host of seraph forms remain—
In vigils keep the hallowed spot.

There, when on guilt his soothing power,
His potent wand, Sleep vainly tries ;
There, in the deep—the twilight hour,
And when the dawn's first beams arise,
They lightly move: they gently tread
The turf that wraps his lowly head,
And wait to wake him from the dead,
And bear him to their kindred skies.

TO A GRAY HAIR.

Offspring of care ! pale child of sinking years !
And chronicler of times gone by, departed !
Why art thou here ? and what thine errand ? tell me !
Com'st thou, a silent monitor, to warn
The near approach of that too joyless season,
When the gay voice of song no more delights,
The golden bowl, alas ! is well nigh broken ;
When, with a shortened step, man totters on,
And his decrepitude declares the span
Of threescore years and ten is all but ended ?
Tell'st thou of rest within the silent tomb,

Where joy and sorrow are not ; where the wicked
Trouble no more, the weary sleep securely ?
Dost thou to me impart this solemn presage ?
Then let me tell thee, churlish monitor,
From me far distant stands the gloomy mark—
The boundary stone by Hebrew poet planted ;
Not yet my limbs decline their wonted office ;
Not yet my strength is labour, neither sorrow ;
Then wherefore chill my blood with thy cold aspect ?
Why, like the flame which struck the dazzled eye
Of Babel's monarch, call up troubled thoughts,
And pierce my startled soul with dark forebodings ?
Thy warning is in vain. Ah ! *dost* thou warn me ?
And dost thou warn *in vain* ?

Before the time thou comest :—What has changed
The deeper colour in which youth had dyed thee,
And o'er thee thrown this frosty, silvery hue ?—
Shall thy monition be a retrospect,
A glance, as through a vista of past years ?

How quickly past ! and wilt thou sternly chide me
For cares and sorrows deeply felt, too deeply,
To which thou owest thine untimely birth ?
Then glide into the future, and reveal
The path of calm and peace, where scorching suns
Exhaust not premature the springs of life ;
But temperate heat and cold mature the frame,
Sink it to age, and o'er the raven locks
Of laughing boyhood spread a whitened shower ?

Alas ! alas ! the deep corroding cares
Of life, soon eat into the heart of man !
Soon is the buoyancy of youthful spirits
Weighted, impeded, fettered ; by the press
Of earthly things their elasticity
Is rudely broken. Disappointment comes,
In forms as various as the fabled Proteus—
The loss of fortune, fame ; the loss of friends
By broken vows or death ; and more, the loss
Of some dear object, on whose smiling face

Affection fixed a never-sated gaze ;
Whose eye spake rapture to the feeling heart ;
Whose smile won all—the youthful and the aged ;
Whose step was grace ; on whose enchanting form
Loveliness threw her rarest, purest robe.—
Ah ! soon succeeded by the funeral pall !

How feels he who aspires to noble things ?
Whose soul is kindling with the flame of genius ;
Whose breast is swelling with the high ambition
To win the meed of virtue, touch the shrine
Of Science and of Art, and leave a name,
To fire in others' breast the latent spark
Of emulation, and to urge them forward
Till Fame shall proudly own them for her sons—
How feels he when the cold world's contumely
Is heaped upon him ? when the loathsome form
Of Envy crouches in his daily path,
And stains him with her venom ? or the breath

Of jealous rivals, poisonous as the Upas,
Withers his rising fame? To have his good
Described as evil, all his god-like aims
Opposed, laid prostrate by the grovelling crew
Who will not value—not perceive his merit—
Does it not pierce him, chill his noble ardour,
And quickly wear away the thread of life?

He too, whose frequent, fondest wishes seek
Some faithful bosom where to store his thoughts—
To treasure all he feels; who looks beyond
The near horizon of mortality,
To brighter regions, where affection's bloom
Sits on the cheek, and tenderest sympathies
Play between heart and heart—O! when he seeks,
To find but disappointment; and drags on
A solitary being, utter loneliness,
No bosom pillowing his aching forehead,
And none reclining, sleeping on his own!
Do not the lagging moments as they pass,

Grave their impression deep upon his cheek,
Dim his eye's lustre, and drink up his spirit?

And there are hearts whose sensibilities,
More finely wove than others, cannot bear
The rude disruption of a sacred tie ;
The disappearance of a cherished vision ;
The cold neglect, disdain, or bitter sneer,
And sarcasm of the world. Pour into these
The generous drops of sympathy, and soon
They swell with joy, they kindle into rapture ;
And life to them is gay—is bright—is blissful ;—
But thus as piercing, exquisite, and deep,
Their sorrows are ; for if the chord of feeling
Be rudely struck, it vibrates through the soul
With harshest impulse, scatters every vase
Fragrant with Memory's dearly-cherished sweets,
And ruins Hope's gay visions. O ! they feel
Neglect, unkindness, and ingratitude,
With tenfold bitterness ; the sting of bee

To them is poignant as the envenomed bite
Of roused-up scorpion ; and the driving blast
Which sweeps innocuous o'er the joys of others,
Tears into fragments, scatters in the dust,
The tender fabric of their happiness !

What wonder then, if early, premature,
The dark locks clustering on the brow of manhood,
Grow thin, or take that tint of hoary age,
In which, pale monitor, thou now appearest ?
What wonder,—when the heart beneath the weight
Of care and woe sinks frequent, and its full,
Generous pulsations are retarded, chilled,
By the cold selfish world—what wonder
If Time, though young, sweeping across the cheek,
Leaves of his flight the traces, and calls forth,
Long ere its season, the pale trembling flower
Of the departing year, incipient winter's
Delicate offspring, reared beneath his storm,
And rivalling the whiteness of his snows ?

But speak ! and if thou wilt, accuse, reprove me !
Have I then yielded, indolently yielded,
To harsh and sad impressions, nor borne up
With noble daring against human ill !
When the deceitful current bore me far,
Too far from peace and freedom, was it stemmed
With other than a firm and dauntless bosom
And a nerved arm ? Have I allowed to sleep
My soul's best energies, and sunk abashed,
A weeping thing, and given this indolence
The sacred name of sensibility ?—
Perhaps it is so ! Yet how hard to escape
The paralyzing touch of morbid sorrow !
How hard to rise on outstretched wing and soar
To the high regions of ethereal freedom,
When care essays to bind round either pinion
A thousand subtle links ; and on the flight
Of the torn spirit, as the falcon fierce
Pursues through middle air the trembling quarry,
Hangs the arch enemy, the fiend Despair !

Then chide me not ! and I will quickly bear me
Away from scenes of woe ; and place me high,
Where in the distance of the varied picture,
I may behold the land, the promised land,
Of rest and peace ; not dazzling to the sight,
Not glittering with a thousand gaudy colours
But sweetly blended, softened, harmonized ;
With the warm rays of early evening
Gently lit up ; in all its beauty smiling ;
And fixing on itself in fondest gaze
The tear-fraught, charmed and fascinated eye.
The view shall give fresh courage to my soul—
Nerve me for passion's contest, rouse my powers,
Till I can brave the world—till I can steel me
Against the treacherous assaults of Time.

Happy is he ! how blessed ! how truly happy !
Whose moral courage shrinks from no encounter !
Upon whose soul the dark and troublous floods
Rise not to overflowing. 'Tis for him

Armour invincible, a golden panoply ;
He wears it ever, and for ever triumphs.
Over his head the frequent circling hours
Fly swift, yet scarcely brush it with their wings.
For him life's summer has no drought; too quickly
To him life's winter comes not; every season
Brings its own flowers or fruits ; till at the last,
The honours of his forehead changed, not lost,
Become the snows of age. And then he waits
Till he shall sink in slumbers to the tomb.
Thrice happy tenant of the land of peace !
His home is watered by the placid streams
Of sweet contentment ; joy around him smiles ;
And his is all that earth can give of bliss.

SYMPATHY.

Yes! there is sweetness in the dying sound,
Borne on the breeze from distant waterfall,
When other sounds of harmony are mute,
And heaven, and earth, and sea, are silent all:
Yes! there is sweetness—richness in the tones,
Flung from the gothic fane at eventide,
When the impassioned soul drinks in its fill,
Lost to the consciousness of all beside.

Who has not wandered by the grove or stream,
And caught them as they fell with tearful eye?
Who has not lingered in the twilight hour,
And answered to their soothing with a sigh?

Yet do they with a finer cadence fall
On the enraptured ear, or touch the soul
With livelier feeling than the dulcet voice,
Blending its tones at sympathy's control ?

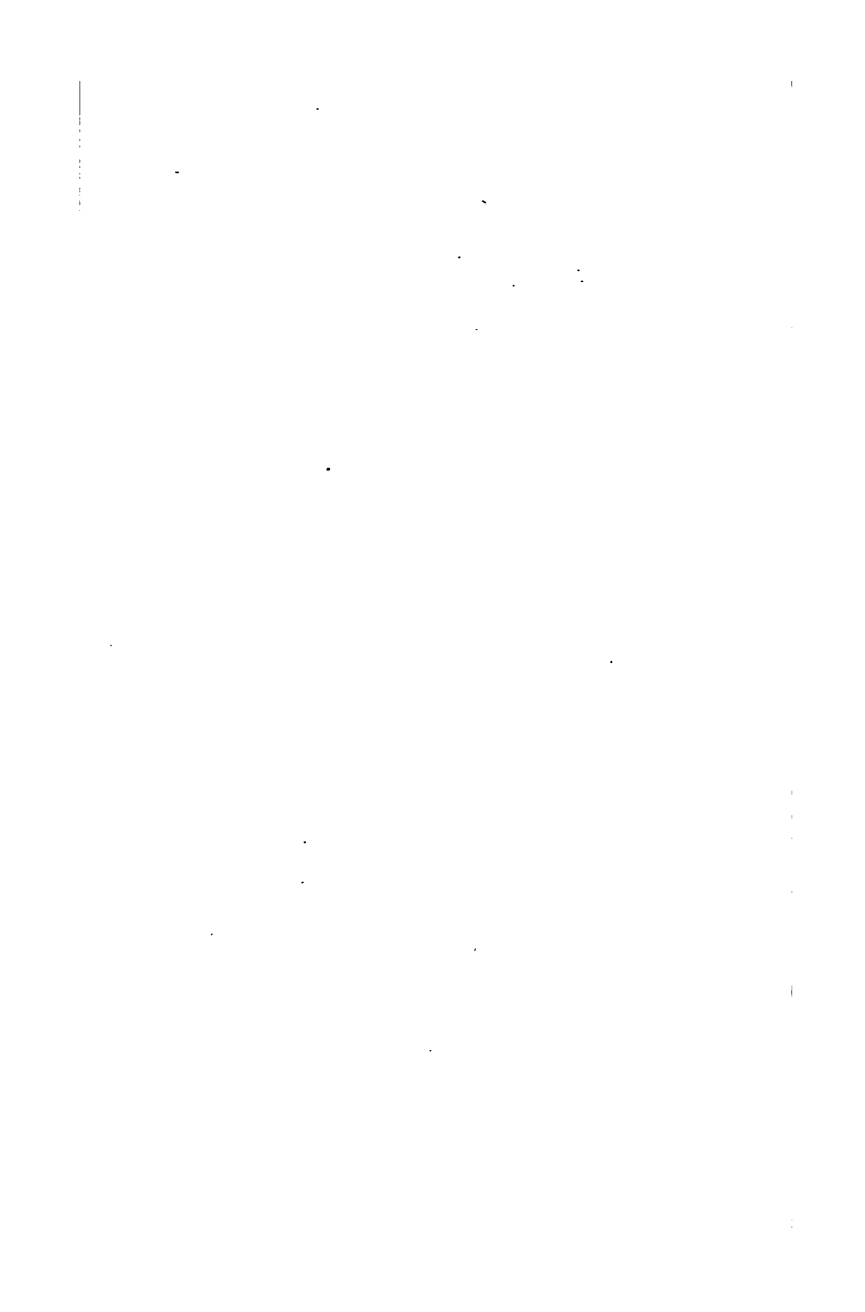
Oh ! when or care or sorrow stings the mind,
And nought but pain and wretchedness is there :
When Hope, from heaven descended, sinks supine,
And yields her empire, weeping, to Despair ;
When passion swells, and with a haughty sway,
Bends the frail will, or bids the storm to rise,
As winds contending o'er the ocean roll,
And lift its mountain billows to the skies :

There is a music in affection's voice,
Which o'er the tortured bosom gently steals ;
There is a balm, which from the riven heart
Dispels the bitterness it deeply feels ;
There is a language in the eye that loves
To gaze on us, and gazing e'er is blest,

Which calms the fury of the rising storm,
And bids the awful tempest be at rest.

What are the sweets to life the most endeared—
The purest joys the eye can hope to see,
When tasted but in darkling solitude,
When shared not by the hand of sympathy?
Can there be aught of pleasure in the breast,
Whence sensibility is wildly driven?
Can there be rapture in the selfish hope—
The anticipation of a lonely heaven?

Not all that wealth and honour freely lend;
Not all that fame's perennial wreath bestows,
Can shed a lustre on earth's brightest day,
Can blunt the sting of earth's most poignant woes;
Like the mild radiance beaming all around,
By sympathetic feeling kindly thrown
Warm from the heart, which, or in weal or woe,
Beats in the purest union with our own!



MAY.

COME from thy bower of rest, sweet spirit !

O ! give me thy fair form to see !

Let earth, let earth thy charms inherit,

And hang thy sweets on every tree.

A thousand flowers with thee bring,

A thousand odours round thee fling,

And wake the choir, to whom 'tis given

To carol at the gate of heaven.

Ah, whose the step which stealing over

The emerald sod it scarce is prest ?

Ah, whose the form sweet roses cover ?

And whose the lily-cinctured vest ?

Tis she ! her lovely self appears
Rich with the smiles of jocund years ;
While in her presence, gladdened earth,
Renews of love and joy the birth.

Behold her cheek with ardour glowing,
Where floats the fairy dream of bliss ;
See, on her tresses gently flowing,
The enamoured zephyrs breathe a kiss :
The gale with softened freshness blows ;
With brighter tints the landscape glows ;
And bands of graces round are seen,
Who hail her fairest, loveliest queen.

With quickened step I haste to meet thee,
Fair daughter of life-breathing spring !
With fondness all a lover's greet thee,
And glad my votive tribute bring :
I feel thine eye's inspiring ray,
Around thy dazzling beauty play,

And woo thee, in the festive hour,
To smile upon my humble bower.

O ! lead me where the morning glances
From purple hill to lawn and dell ;
Or where, with charm the soul entrances,
Soft Evening thoughtful loves to dwell :
Well pleased I bend my steps along,
To catch thy beauty, list thy song,
And happy, speed the vernal day
With thy loved praises, beauteous May !

TO ELIZA.

'Tis but to ask, Eliza, and the hand
That hopes to greet thine own full many summers
Beyond the present, when, thy form matured,
And thy mind's grace and loveliness expanded,
Thyself shall shine a pure enchanted vision
Of moral beauty—aye, that hand, Eliza,
Shall mark these pages with the Muse's tribute
To thy young years.

O! the morning of life breathes fresh on thy brow,
And bright seems the prospect unto thee ;
O! free—free from care is thy tender heart now,
And Hope, with her smiling train, woos thee.

On the path of thy youth lie the sun's golden beams,
There woodbines o'er roses are bending ;
And soft are thy slumbers, and light are thy dreams—
Soft—light as on Houris attending.

Fancy paints coming years—the future unknown,
With the tints of the arch of heaven ;
To thine eye her deep fascinations are shown,
To thine heart her bland pledges given.

But, ah ! shall no cloud dim the sun of thy hours—
No care keep thy heart from reposing ;
No blight fall to ruin thy dear-cherished flowers—
No veil—Fancy's bright visions closing ?

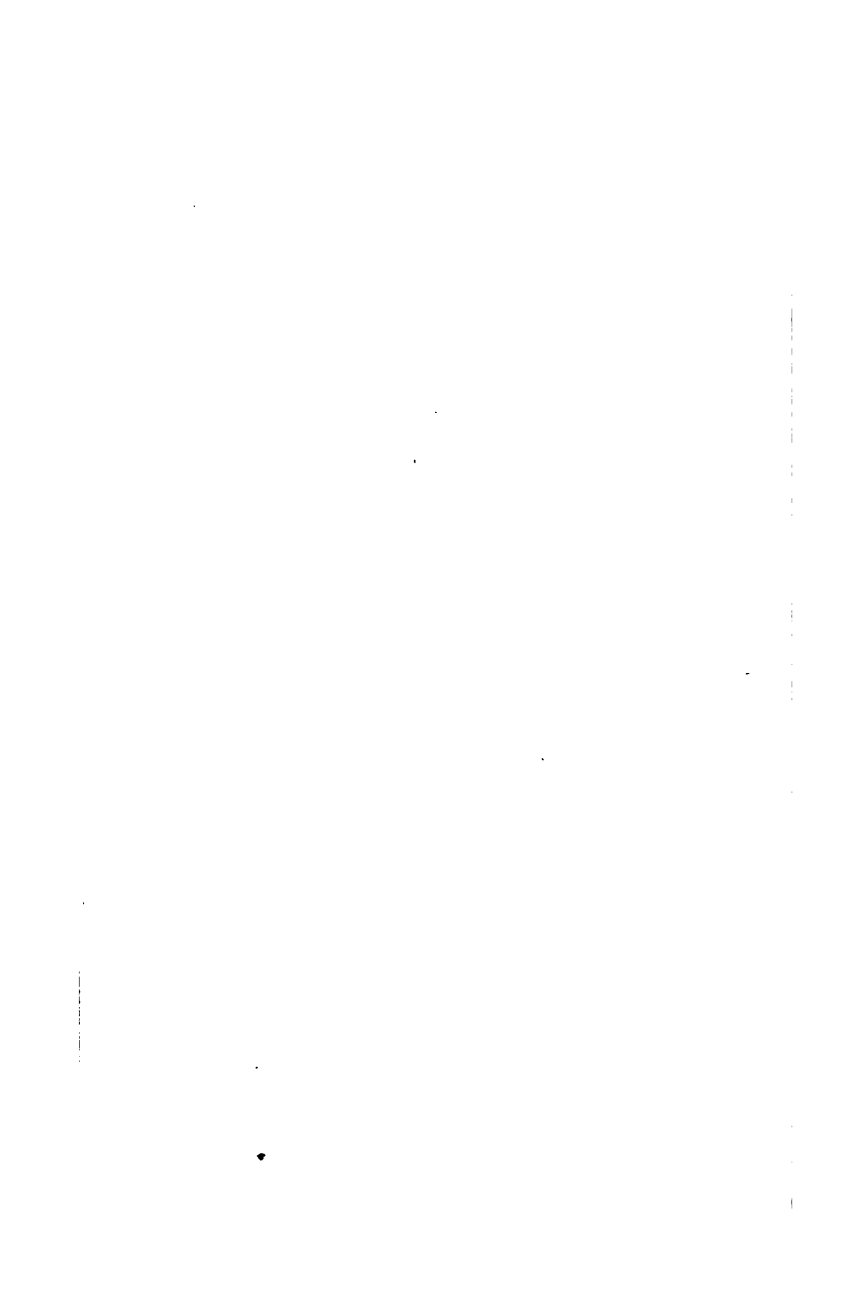
Life is not as 'tis seen by the youth-lighted eye ;
Not for ever its colours are glowing :
The fountains that sparkle with waters of joy,
Changed soon, are with sorrow o'erflowing.

Then think not on thee every morrow shall smile ;

Be not charmed by the glitter before thee ;

But prepare for the storm when it threatens awhile,

Nor sink if its fury break o'er thee.



MELANCHOLY.

**Ah, why dost thou haunt me with saddening form ?
Why pierce my sad heart with the presage of ill ?
Ah, why shake my soul with the thunder's dark storm,
And bend my frail spirit to thy gloomy will ?
No more—O ! no more, clasp me round, a sad prey ;
Thy withering shape quickly bear from my sight ;
Nor tinge with thy gloom the sweet hopes of to-day,
Nor throw o'er the future the mantle of night.**

And wilt thou not leave me? begone—O begone!
Thy presence, dark spirit, benumbs me with fear;
I mark thy fell smile at my countenance wan;
Thou laugh'st that mine eye overflows with a tear.
Still, still dost thou mock me? Then, proud spirit, know,
Despite of thy terrors, I dare thee to stay!
Revived, see! I shake off the semblance of woe,
And nerved with fresh vigour, I fling thee away.

'Tis past! and the shadowy vision is fled—
'Tis past! and the imps of despair fright no more:
As the flower, when the tempest is hushed, lifts its head,
My soul, springing upward, rejoices to soar.
And welcome, meek Peace, with thy lenient smile!
And thrice welcome, Hope, sweet enchantress of pain!
How well of its griefs the torn breast ye beguile!
O dwell in my heart—bid it rest once again!

The scene, ah, how changed! 'tis the freshness of dawn,
Or of even the mellowing tint and the calm;

'Tis the song of the lark, the light bound of the fawn,
The hue of the rose, and the zephyr of balm :
Again all is sweetness in Philomel's note ;
Again the mild shades of the woodland invite ;
Like Harmony's self, on the liquid air float,
The lisplings of love and the tones of delight.



EMMA ASLEEP.

My child, my child, thou sleepest ! and thy form
Lies motionless, but graceful to my view :
Low is thy head, soft-pillowed on thine arm,
Thy cheek is flushed with vermeil's brightest hue.

What on thy lovely cheek should bring a smile,
Soft flitting o'er it as a parting gleam ?
O say, does Fancy sleep's brief hour beguile
With some fond thought, some dear infantile dream ?

And now thy lips move sudden, and a sound,
Scarce more than broken whisper, steals from thence :
Tell me what vision wraps thy senses round,
And whence thy sleep's emotion, tell me whence ?

The smile is past, the dream—the dream is o'er ;
Like evening's breath the murmur dies away,
And nymphs of slumber, o'er thy spirit pour
Their deepest charm—then wake thee to the day.

Calm be thy slumbers, ever thus, my child,
And round thee flow joy's never-failing stream :
May thy young heart be free from passions wild,
And all thy life be one delicious dream.

ENTHUSIASM.

What is Enthusiasm? is it to gaze
On earth, on heaven, with a beaming eye,
To whisper in silence their Maker's praise,
Whilst the cold and insensate move heedless by;
To read with mute wonder Divinity's name
Where'er 'tis in letters of glory imprest—
Is it, to warm with the holy flame
Which gratitude lights in the feeling breast?

Is it, to thrill with a sacred delight,
When Day bends his car to the western sky,
And, awed by the presence of ebon-clad Night,
All that breathe in the stillness of solitude lie:

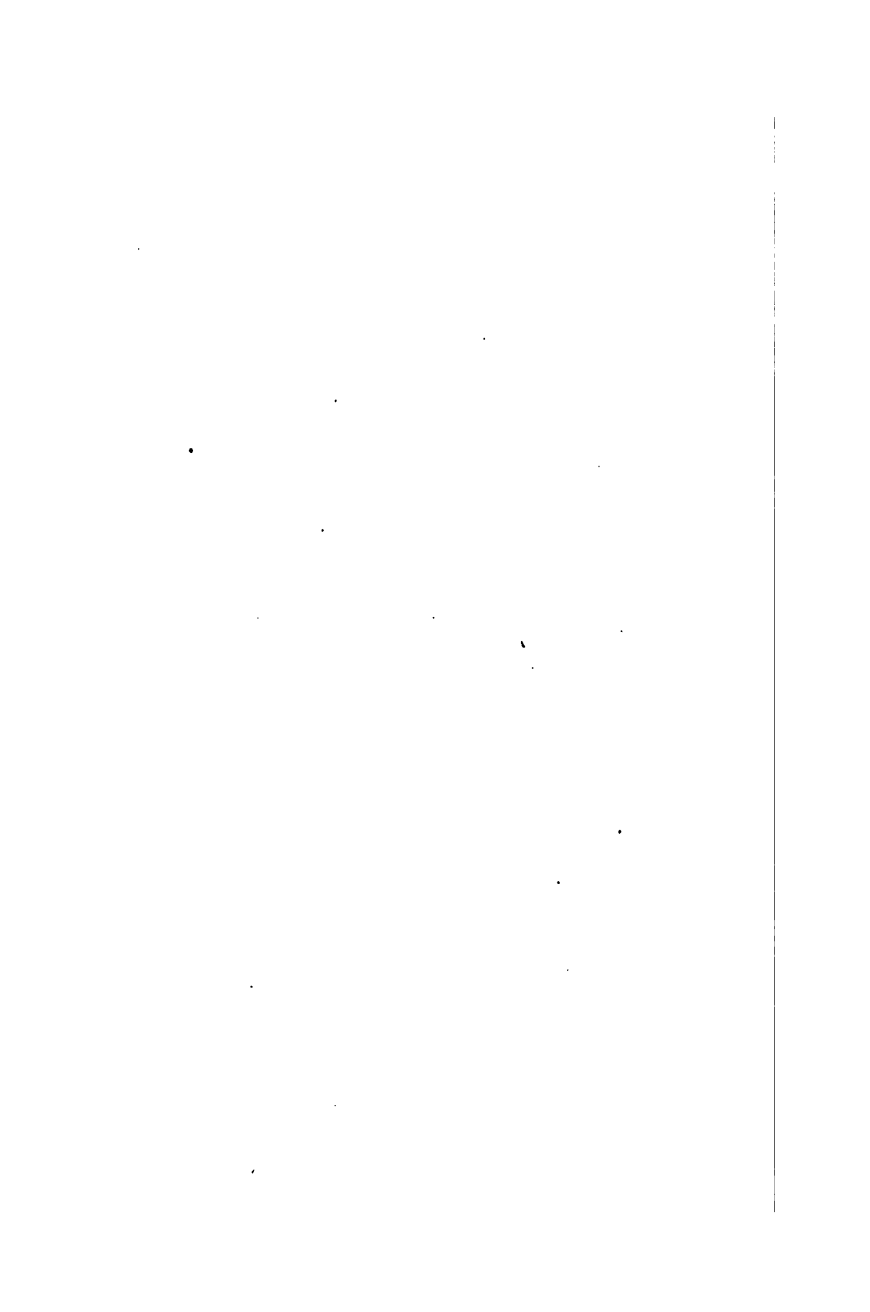
Is it, when silence is hovering round,
To feel the soul hushed to a calm divine ;
Or wandering, in heavenly visions bound,
From sphere to sphere through the pure sublime ?

What is Enthusiasm ? O can it be
The power that binds with its magic the soul,
Which feels not a wish—a wish to be free ;
Nor cares to resist its mighty control—
The power, confessed of celestial birth,
By the hand of goodness to mortals given,
To raise them above the low thoughts of earth,
And teach them the thoughts which belong to heaven ?

Is it by this, the noble are fired
To the deeds inscribed on the roll of fame—
By this, with zeal and courage inspired,
To write for themselves a deathless name ?
Say, does it give to our bosoms the glow
They feel when beauty and virtue are near ;

Does it bid the springs of affection flow,
Or call forth sorrow and joy's warm tear ?

Is this Enthusiasm ? Tell me no more !—
Mine be its influence, mine be its fire !
Mine be the feelings the heart flowing o'er
The feelings affection and friendship inspire :
Mine too, the vivid sensations that rise,
When Nature impresses her charms on the mind ;
Mine, e'en the rapture that lights up the eyes
Glancing to things in Eternity shrined !



RELIGION.

WHEN care sits heavy on my heart,
And all my soul is sunk in sorrow ;
When evils dire assail to-day,
Or pain in prospect of to-morrow ;
O ! then, religion's powerful charm
Dispels at once all gloomy sadness,
Reanimates my frame, and fills
My breast with peace, and joy, and gladness

E'en thus when Winter's chilly hand
Despoils the scenes that once delighted,
And Nature's rich and blooming sweets,
Are all by storm and tempest blighted—
The spring returns ; rejoicing earth
Displays anew her beauteous treasure,
And hill and dale resound the song,
The universal song of pleasure.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

Dim is the eye—the eye of blue—

No more shall its brightness glow ;

And the locks that played so gracefully

Repose on a forehead of snow.

Not a tear bedews that innocent face,

Nor the smile of joy finds a resting-place.

Mute is the tongue—the prattling tongue

That whiled the dull hour away—

The artless wish ne'er shall move it again,

The impulse of love give it play.

Its accents were sweet—more sweet than the tale

The nightingale tells to the evening gale.

Pale is the form—the beauteous form—

It is laid in a lowly bed ;

The blossom of promise is perished, alas !

The gay dreams of hope are all fled :

From the spoiler's hand could not innocence save ?

See ! the cypress waves o'er the infant's grave.

Pure is the spirit—it lives, it lives !

Nor to death's dread influence yields ;

The flight of a seraph it wings sublime,

It alights on Hope's blissful fields ;

It tastes the pure joys of the blest above,

And dwells in the rays of Eternal love.

So fades the gem—the fragrant gem,

That peeps from beneath the shade ;

Drooping it falls from its lowly stem,

In the dust all its beauties are laid ;

Its colours are lost—neglected it lies—

But still it is sweet—the perfume ne'er dies.

HYMN FOR THE YOUNG.

O! thou, who dwell'st in realms above,
Supreme, eternal King!
Our infant lips shall speak thy praise,
Thy boundless goodness sing.

Thy power, blessed Parent, gave us birth;
Thy hand supports us still,
Gives us to taste life's sweetest joys,
And guards from every ill.

By thee, the sun of knowledge shines
And lights us on our way ;
But most, thy gospel, on our minds
Sheds a celestial ray.

O ! may its precepts guide our feet
In virtue's peaceful road ;
Refine our thoughts, and lift our souls
In piety to God.

And oh ! when nature trembling yields
Her last, her parting sigh,
May Hope, bright seraph, whisper peace,
And point to worlds on high.

Benignant Being ! Glorious Lord !
Supreme, Eternal King !
Our infant lips shall speak thy praise,
Thy bounteous goodness sing.

FOR AN ALBUM.

THE time is not lost, if, on these simple pages,
Some gem of the arts, pleasing treasure ! be found,
If lays of the muse, and the wit that engages
The heart, spread their charms and their freshness around.

The blossoms of genius and fancy I gather.
Shall mingle their sweetness when other blooms fade ;
And if trifling they seem, yet be they mine rather
Than pleasures that sting—than pursuits that degrade.

. THE WALK.

**Come haste thee, Emma, haste with me,
To nature's verdant bower ;
In sweet retirement let us spend,
Not waste, a tranquil hour.**

**Now, whilst the glittering solar beam
Darts fervent from above,
We'll tread the margin of the stream,
And seek the shady grove.**

How calm this glen ! no sounds intrude
To break its sweet repose,
Save those which only grieve the ear,
By hastening to a close.

The sighing breeze—the song of bird—
The music of the rill,
That devious winds its pebbly way
Beneath the distant hill—

These are the sounds to fancy dear !
And this the charming scene,
Whose beauties never—never tire,
So varying, so serene.

Then let us walk, and far away
From noise and folly move:
In silence gaze—but if we speak,
O let our theme be love !

TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou mighty Ocean, roll,
And yet, oh ! stay, a moment stay—
I ask, the loved of my soul,
My William, borne by thee away.

Why thus appal me with thy roar?
O what a tale it tells to me—
Why lash the hollow sounding shore?
To ring my heart with agony !

For ah ! beneath thy deepest wave,
Does William, loved, lamented, lie ;
The false, false ocean is his grave,
His dirge the seamew's mournful cry.

And I—alas ! this breaking heart
Soon, soon will give a long release :
From grief, despair, how sweet to part !
And find with William lasting peace.

THE END.

LONDON :

HENRY BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.



